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GARFIELD CLEANER



CHRISTMAS

1932



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▼ ▼ **CHRISTMAS 1932** ▼ ▼
Garfield Junior High School, Berkeley, California



In Remembrance

*Hark—what say they?—rumored fears and sighs,
And bended heads and whispering and tears;
Grave news has come to silence mirth and joy,
And show a glimpse of God's inevitable;
To teach gay youth a lesson all must learn—
Life's quiet ceasing in the arms of death.
That tranquil rest, ere noontide's glow was past,
Has laid its peaceful hand upon the heart
Of one we know, and rev'rence, and respect,
Our teacher, with a constancy serene,
Has crossed the Great Divide, to meet the King.
Lament and weep, that nevermore our eyes
Shall light, in daily pleasure at the sight
Of one who guided us, and was our friend.
Oh, mourn the early loss of one we loved,
But, through your tears, forget not gratitude
That we have happy memories of her,
The e'er-recurring thoughts, of pleasant days
That are forever gone, yet ever nigh,
Locked in your mem'ry's golden treasury.
Lament, and yet be glad that painlessly,
In perfect peace, she left our world of strife;
Rejoice, that she has triumphed o'er the grave,
And now she liveth, more abundantly—
Oh, shout triumphal anthems for she lives!*

—Frances Colby, *High Nine*.



L.D.L.H.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

WITH THE OPENING of the new semester there will be missing at Garfield the faces of one hundred seventy-three boys and girls who are now our most prominent and active members. They will have taken the upward step that will place them in the ranks of the alumni, and will bring that great body of enterprising and capable young men and women to a grand total of four thousand seven hundred eighty-nine.

Our Garfield family is never too large to prevent our taking a deep interest in the welfare of our former students.

We bid Godspeed to our graduates of December, 1932. You have been a co-operative, ambitious, satisfactory class. May the happy holiday season which follows your Garfield graduation be an introduction to a happy life of wholesome accomplishment, service and satisfaction.

—D. L. Hennessey.



MESSAGE FROM G. S. A. PRESIDENT

FOR THE PAST SEMESTER I have had the honor of being President of the Garfield Student Association, that splendid organization which has helped to make Garfield the well-conducted school it is today. It has been a great privilege to serve the school in this capacity, and I sincerely express thanks to the teachers and students for their whole-hearted cooperation. I believe that many worth while things have been accomplished, and I hope that my successor will find the position of G. S. A. President as pleasant and satisfactory as I have found it. To the next G. S. A. President I wish all the luck in the world. I know he will strive to do his best for Garfield.

For the rest of the graduates as well as myself I regretfully say good-bye. Yet we are happy, for we have just completed another lap in that great race, in which we all secured a good start, and in which we are all winners. We will always look back with pleasure to the three happy years that we spent at Garfield.

—Jack Willis.

FACULTY

Hennessey, D. L.	<i>Principal</i>
Cannon, Ma Belle	<i>Secretary</i>
Archer, Mrs. Kate W.	Mossman, Edith L.
Arendt, Marion, <i>Counselor</i>	Nealson, Willis S.
Bagnall, Mrs. Franklin	O'Neill, Mrs. Dorah D.
Barry, Margaret	Patton, Bessie
Bellus, Mrs. Ruth	Patton, Elizabeth
Boehne, Fred	Perry, H. D.
Brubaker, Emma	Piatt, Mrs. Mona Skinner
Brush, Charlotte	Riley, Irma
Collar, Gladys	Rushforth, Robert
Corley, Harold P.	Russ, Mrs. Helen, <i>Counselor</i>
Davis, Mrs. Dorothy	Smith, Mrs. Iva
Dyson, Mrs. Margaret	Stout, Harriet
Flanders, F. A.	Whitney, Roslyn Mae
Fraser, Annie Mills	Whitten, Martha
Gavin, Mrs. Isabel	Wilkes, Mrs. Emma
Gay, Adella	Wilson, Flora
Goode, Beatrice	SPECIAL TEACHERS
Gray, Mrs. Minna	AND ASSISTANTS
Groefsema, Christine	Minzyk, John,
Grover, Harriet	<i>Band and Orchestra</i>
Hamsher, Alice	Robinson, Mrs. Ida, <i>Piano</i>
Hughes, Samuel	Foster, Georgia P., <i>Nurse</i>
Kelton, Genevieve, <i>Counselor</i>	Fullerton, Mrs. Helen,
Kidwell, Ruth	<i>Playground Director</i>
Kilkenny, Mrs. Myrtle	DeWitt, Carlton,
Kleeberger, Mrs. Helen	<i>Playground Director</i>
Laurens, Helen	Menefee, Mrs. Dolly P.,
Leland, S. J.	<i>Cafeteria Manager</i>
Lowrey, Mary	Pettit, Mrs. Bessie L., <i>Matron</i>
Mally, Alfreda	D'Olivera, Antone, <i>Head Custodian</i>
Martin, Helen	Souza, Joseph, <i>Custodian</i>
Montagne, Mrs. Alberta E.	Odom, Joseph, <i>Custodian</i>
Morse, Blanche	Hoag, Jack, <i>Custodian</i>



THE DADS' CLUB AND THE P.-T. A.

THE DADS' CLUB have had a very successful year. October fourteenth they gave a dance in the cafeteria and had some refreshments. The Parent-Teacher Association entertained The Dads' Club November ninth. Also there was the school orchestra, A Capella Club, and the Boys' Glee Club. The Dads' Club gave a theatre party November third and fourth at the United Artists. The name of the play was "The Cabin in the Cotton." It was a success and the proceeds went for a payment on the bleachers. The officers of the club are Mr. Sandner, President; Mr. Ray, Vice-President; Mr. Williams, Secretary.

THE P.-T. A. has always been a dependable and helpful organization. This term its numerous activities have aided the school more than ever. The booth which they had on Library Day was very profitable. The Student Aid Fund has increased a great deal and many of the needy have been helped. The meetings have been carried on by the officers, who have served ably. The volley ball teams were given a bean feed by them which was enjoyed by all those present. An entertaining party was the closing event of a very full term. The students wish to thank the P.-T. A. for their assistance and helpfulness in making Garfield a better school.

—LaVerne Burgess, *High Nine*.

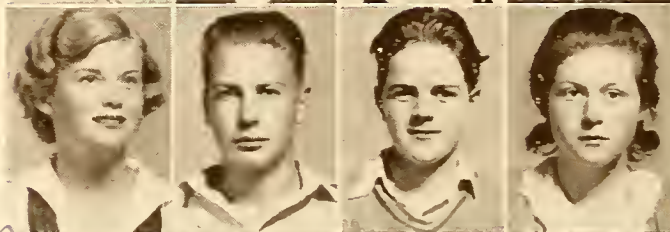


GRADUATES

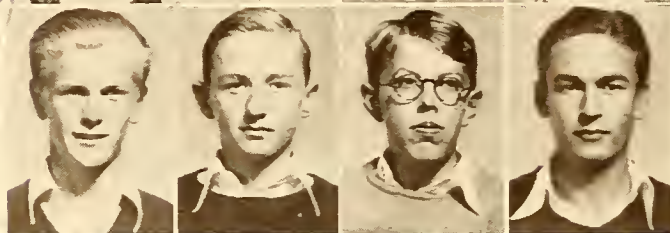
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 Agathos, Frank
 Ammerman, Lois
 Ammonette, K.



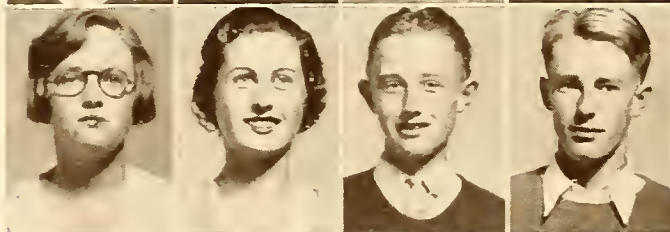
Anderson, Helen
 Andrews, Russell
 Ayer, Wilmon
 Bailey, Peggy



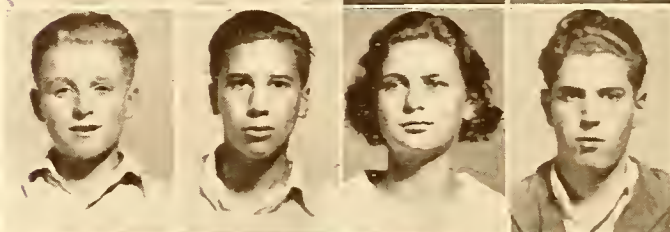
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 Barnett, Jack
 Battle, Bob
 Becker, Richard



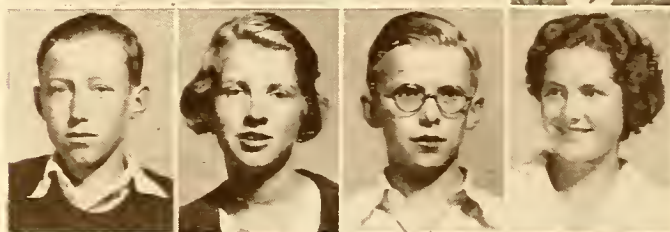
Bickmore, Marian
 Bofinger, June
 Bolstad, Herbert
 Boyd, William



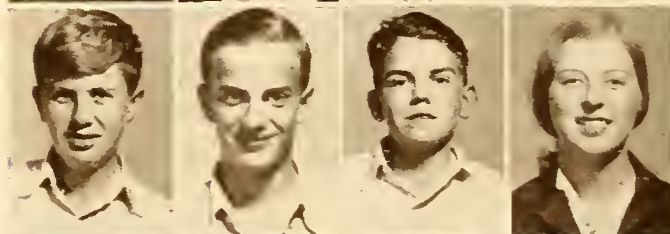
Biodrick, Jack
 Brodie, Earl
 Brown, Alice
 Browning, Darrell



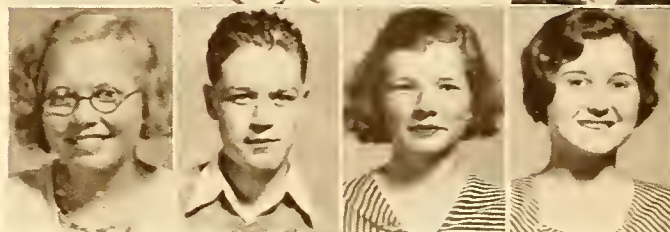
Bunte, Albert
 Burgess, Laverne
 Caldwell, Richard
 Carroll, Elizabeth

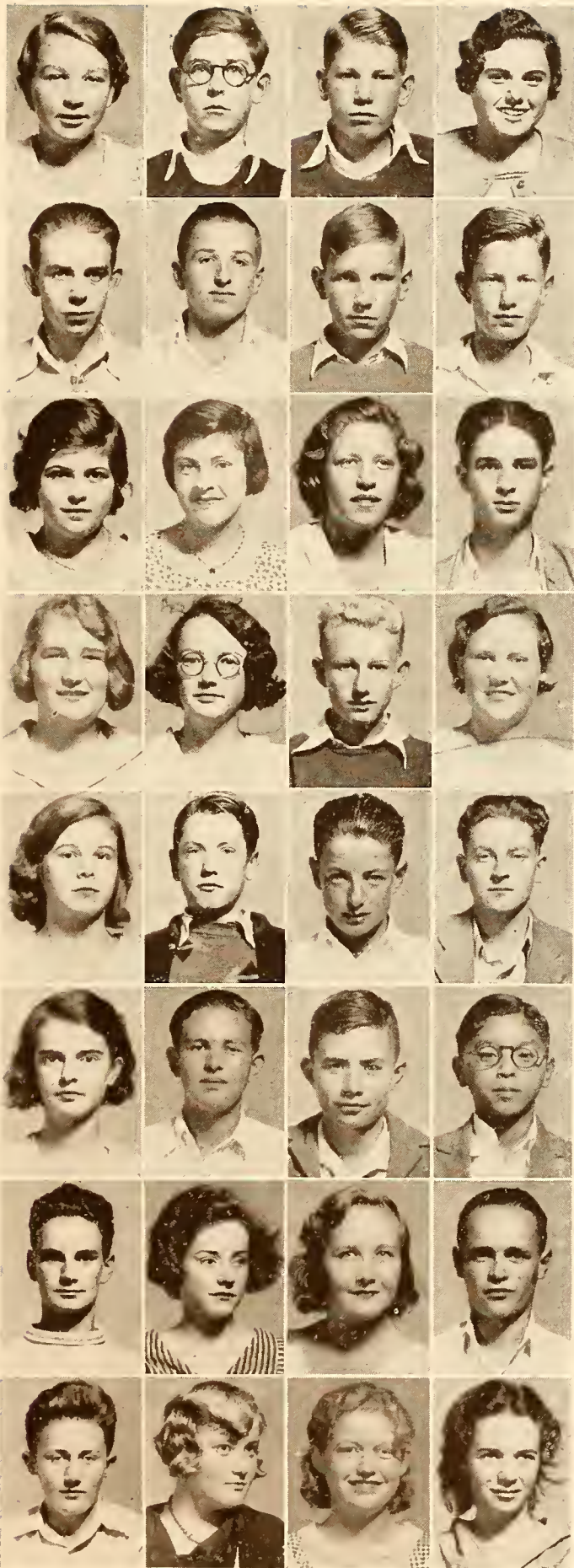


Chambers, Lindsay
 Clymer, Frank
 Coates, Howard
 Colby, Frances



Cooley, Evelyn
 Corbett, John
 Corey, Catherine
 Crum, Phyllis





Currier, Betty
 Dalrymple, McIver
 Dam, Francis
 Damon, Helen

Darrah, Jack
 Davenport, Frank
 Davenport, Gordon
 Davies, Arthur

Dewey, Haddée
 Doty, Audrey
 Drew, Georgene
 DuFord, Allen

Duncan, Louise
 Dunn, Florence
 Duttie, Robert
 Ebey, Kathryn

Finkeldey, Alberta
 Folwell, William
 Fontenrose, John
 Ford, Leonard

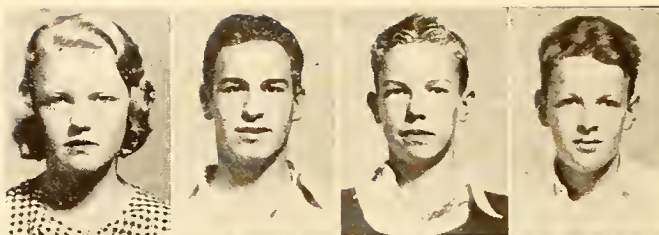
Foreman, Janet
 Foster, Donald
 Freborn, Alan
 Fujioka, Shundo

Garner, James
 Gatewood, Mary Ann
 Gerling, Virginia
 Golding, John

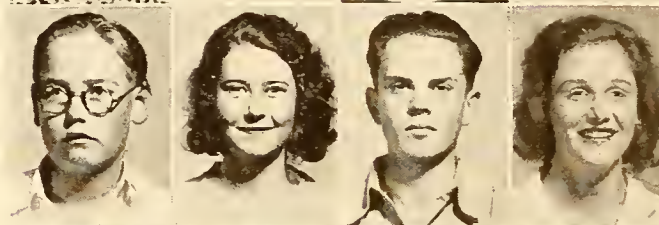
Goodale, Tom
 Graham, Dorothy
 Graham, Olive
 Green, Barbara

Virginia Gerling

Hageman, Lillian
 Hamilton, Harrold
 Hansson, Louis
 Healy, Raymond



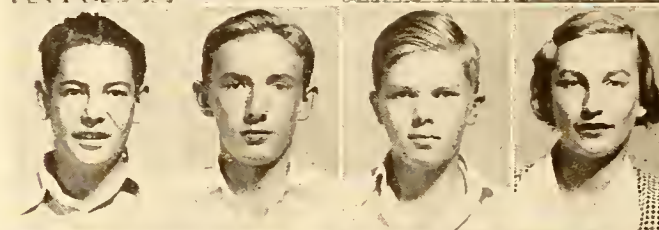
Hendrickson, Dean
 Henkel, Vivian
 Hickman, Doane
 Hinckley, Isabel



Hink, Helen
 Hostrup, Millicent
 Howard, John
 Howell, Brandon



Hugel, Bennie
 Hunter, Carl
 Irving, Edward
 Jenkins, Jane



Jensen, Anna
 Johannessen, Elma
 Johns, Harold
 Johns, Winsor



Johnson, William
 Johnson, Luella
 Johnson, Phyllis
 Jones, Barbara



Jones, Kathryn
 Karcher, Barbara
 Kelly, Corrine
 Kerner, Rose



Kinzel, Edward
 Kitley, Dorothea
 Koford, Otto
 Kondo, Fumiko

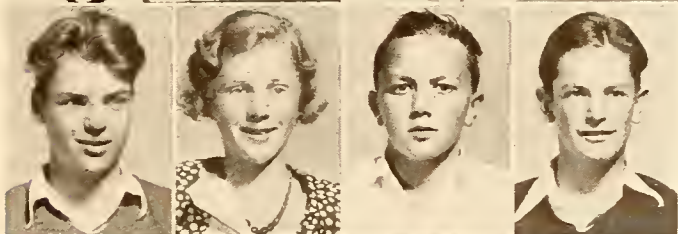




Korhonen, Mayola
Kramer, Margaret
Larmour, Dorothy
Lawrence, George



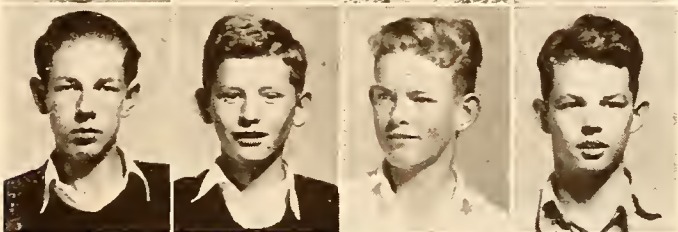
Lee, Joel
Leigh, Marjorie
Lilly, Jane
Lindsey, James



Lisherness, John
Malmgren, Jane
Marshall, Neill
Mayer, Francis



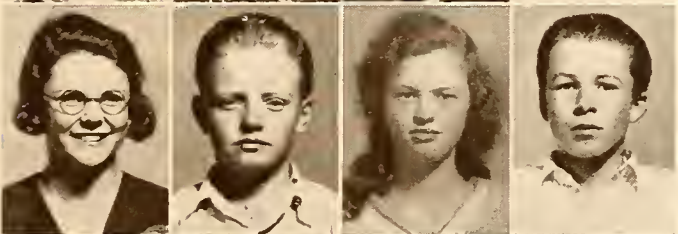
McConnell, Douglas
McCulloch, Elsie
McDonald, Erma Ruth
McKee, Hazel



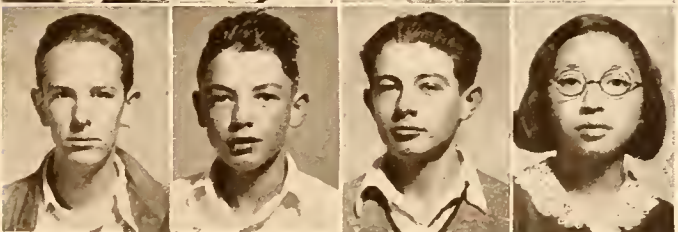
McPherson, Evan
Mecorney, John
Merrill, Warren
Merritt, John



Mitchell, Clifford
Monroe, Helen
Montgomery, Mary
Morton, Don



Moses, Ruth
Mugglestone, Bernard
Mulholland, Marian
Myatt, Albert



Nelson, William
Neyhart, Stanley
Nordby, Burton
Oda, Haruko

Handwritten signature in blue ink.

Pauli, Tom

Pepper, Barbara

Peterson, Robert

Phillis, Dorothy



Pollock, Mary

Potter, Rhoda

Poppe, Peggy Ruth

Potts, Harvey

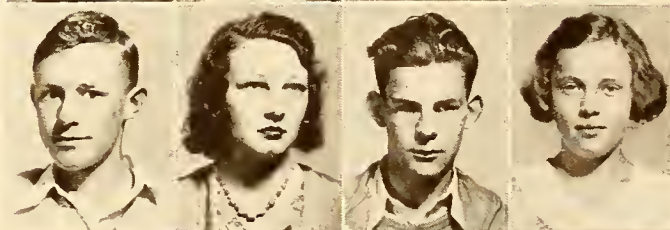


Prosser, Edward

Richards, Tressa

Rodriguez, Leslie

Sandner, Lois

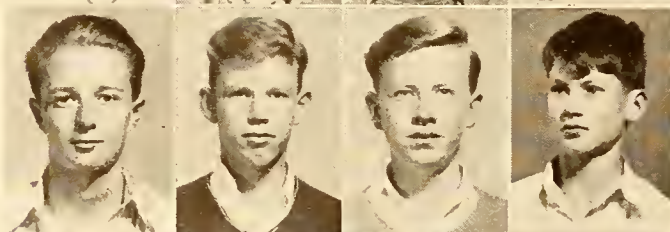


Sadow, Frank

Saunders, Jack

Saunders, William

Sawyer, Gordon

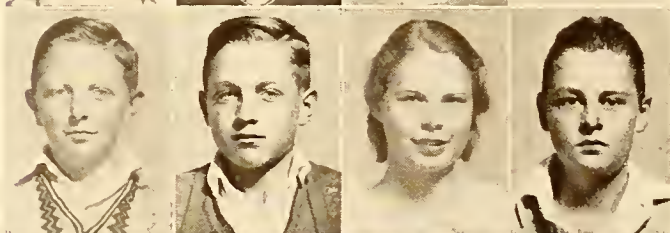


Scheibner, George

Schuster, Heinie

Sea, Muriel

Seeburger, William

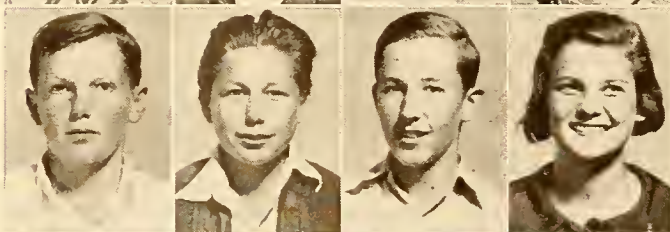


Shane, Charles

Sisterna, Arthur

Slater, Jack

Somers, Jean



Stahl, Mildred

Sthar, William

Stoeckle, Edward

Stuart, Odette



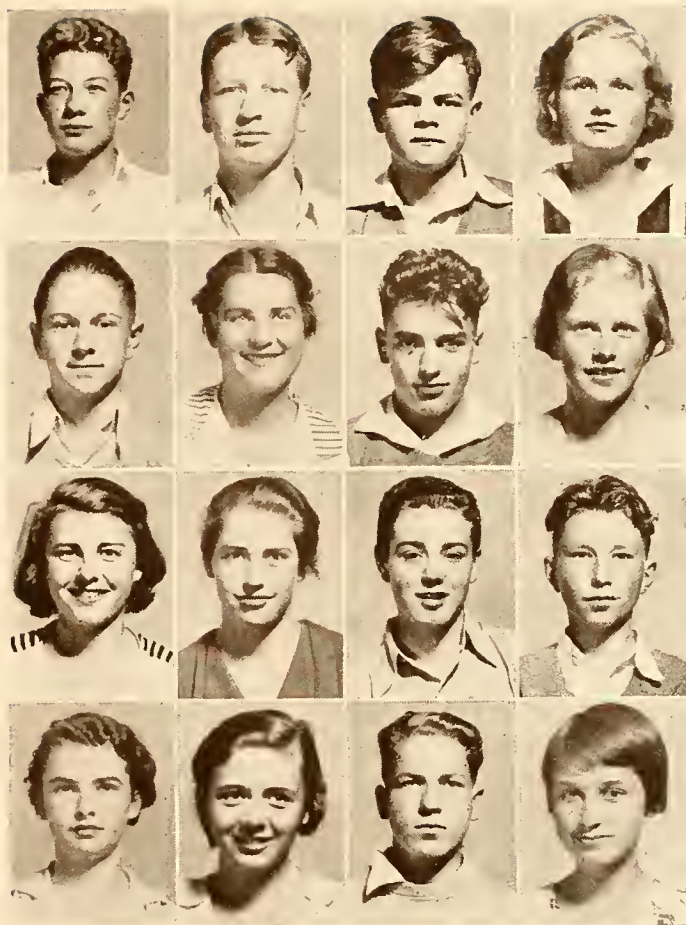
Sturgeon, Ellsworth

Swannell, Betty

Thrall, Don

Umberger, Dan





Vickery, Arthur
Wall, Sharman
Watson, William
Wagy, Jeanne

Weller, Douglas
Westphal, Mary
White, Bob
Whitehead, Mary

Whitlock, Nancy
Williams, Betty
Willis, Jack
Wilson, Carl

Wind, Marjorie
Wisecarver, Phyllis
Wiser, Gordon
Zurilgen, Lois



EDITORIAL

"YOU CAN DO IT!" What an inspiration those four words can be! They welcomed and challenged one hundred sixty young people to a new life, three years ago. We were surrounded by new things; new studies, teachers, new friends, and activities, new temptations, opportunities, and freedom. And we set out to master this environment. We had the example of the older students, holding offices, fulfilling responsibilities. They had done it. So could we! The faculty guided and encouraged us. New honors challenged. Activities beckoned. The overcoming of temptations and obstacles strengthened us. "You can do it!" And we did!

Today, we look forward to the future, wondering what it will be, away from Garfield. It will be just what we make it! When we bid farewell to these happy days, let us look forward, not with fear, but faith.

Face life buoyantly. Fight your battles bravely. Faith, courage, and the will to win are heritages of youth, and they are yours. Keep pure and unsullied the standards and ideals which you defend. God will help and reward you. May the memory of Garfield and those who trust in you help to spur you on. Go forth. Dare, and achieve! "You can do it!"

—The Editor.

SENIOROSCOPE

NAME	IDIOSYNCRASY	AMBITION	DESTINY
Mrs. Kilkenny	Honor Society	Get some Latin into our heads	Keeping Bob Petersson quiet
Helen Anderson	Did I burn?	To travel	To go through Berk. Hi.
Wilmon Ayer	Supporting Hoover	Marine engineer	Plumber's assistant
Richard Becker	Collecting pansies	Chief water boy	Author of love stories
Jack Brodrick	Honor Society	Giant in circus	Champion wrestler
Albert Bunte	Bullying Jack Howard	Fuller Brush man	Cell 39
LaVerne Burgess	Wilmon Ayer	Chew gum in school	? ? ? ?
McIver Dalrymple	Visiting Mrs. Smith	Sailor	Cabin boy
Frank Davenport	Second Lothario?	Bathing suit designer	Napa
Georgene Drew	Copying words of recent songs	Jean Harlow	Manicurist
Florence Dunn	Volley ball	Girls' coach	Doll designer
Leonard Ford	Olive Graham	Marry Olive Graham	Marry Anna Jensen
Donald Foster	Big bass viol	Sing soprano	Posing for Sun Tan ads
Tom Goodale	Large mental capacity	Electrical engineer	Opera singer?
Olive Graham	George Lawrence	Mrs. Lawrence	Second Clara Bow
Lois Hansson	Talking in class	? ? ? ?	Don't ask us.
Isabel Hinckley	Studying	Secretary	Model wife
Brandon Howell	Handball	Scientist	Second Frankenstein
Phyllis Johnson	Laughing	Wife	Old maid
Bill Johnson	Studying Latin	Bootlegger	Federal agent
Barbara Jones	You old meanie!	Marry a millionaire	Go through college
Dorothea Kitley	Big lips	Nurse	Housewife
Joel Lee	I'm shy	Write second-rate novels	Seventh heaven
John Lisherness	Blowing bubbles	Farmer	Professional tramp
Bob Mallary	Leading jazz band	Hobo	Second Paderewski
John Mecorney	Talking to girls	Baseball player	Censored
Helen Monroe	Keeping in the background	None	The same
Mary Montgomery	Gosh! I don' know	Unknown	Scout Executive
Donald Morton	Red hair	Mechanic	Second James Cagney
Alfred Myatt	Perfect attendance	Second Laddie Gray	Second Jack Delaney
Stanley Neyhart	Anything in school affairs	Second Bing Crosby	Politician
Burton Nordby	Shaving	Gigolo	The missing link
Barbara Pepper	Falling down	Commercial artist	Fanatic trip to Mars
Tressa Richards	Her name	Algebra coach	High tenth grade
Lois Sandner	Staying after school	Reformer	Solid citizen
Heinie Schuster	His brilliance	Gangster	Lounge lizard
Ellsworth Sturgeon	Spanish	Making faces for Big Ben Clock Co. . . .	Should we tell?
Betty Swannell	Her dignity	Lawyer	Crooked politician
Jean Wagy	Good gravy!	Movie actress	Concealed
Nancy Whitlock	Social affairs	Get somewhere	President Honor Society
Jack Willis	Tap dancing	President U. S. . . .	Janitor, White House
George Scheibner	Why?	Second Yehudi Menhuhin	Street cleaner
Miss Laurens	Losing her boat	To keep Corey from eating candy	"No thanks, Corey, I won't have any."
Peggy Bailey	Roosevelt	Phi Beta Kappa	Quien sabe?
June Bofinger	Posing	A handsome man	Housewife
Darrell Browning	Courtesy?	Barrel manufacturer	Barrel
Lindsay Chambers	Shyness?	Hermit	Man-about town
Howard Coates	Filching lessons	Cop	Sing-Sing
John Corbett	Blushing	June	Sousa II
Catherine Corey	Continuous eating	"A" for the day	Candy tester
Francis Dam	Short pants	Big "E" man	Janitor at "Cal"
Gordon Davenport	Silence ? ? ?	Nut factory	Peanut vendor
Alan Du Ford	Axle grease on hair	Valentino II	Detention
Alan Freeborn	Scratching head	Ma Honey	U. S. Treasurer
Virginia Gerling	Permanents	Beauty expert	Manicurist
Harrold Hamilton	Drumming on desk	To sleep	Gent. of leisure
Dean Hendrickson	Chewing nails	Jelly bean factory	Algebra class
Vivian Henkle	"Miss Cannon wants me"	Business woman	8 lovely children
Helen Hink	That oboe voice	Nurse	Debutante?
John Howard	Hate for girls	Mary Ann Gatewood	Flagpole
Harold Johns	Stage fright	Kreiser II	Lion tamer

NAME	IDIOSYNCRASY	AMBITION	DESTINY
Ed Kinzel	Mrs. Smith	Caruso II	Radio crooner
Otto Koford	Banking	Farmer	Grocer
Peggy Kramer	Pigtails	A prince	A conductress
Marjorie Leigh	Pestering people	Teacher of Shelter	Acrobat
James Lindsay	Shop	Football captain	Scrub sub
Elsie McCulloch	Snuffling	Respected Republican	The dumb dame
Clifford Mitchell	Vanity	Sheik	Grocer
Ruth Moses	"Gosh, how I hate S."	David	Joel
Marion Mulholland	Stammering	Pavlowa 2nd	Librarian
Harvy Potts	Broken bones	Football star	Warming the bench
Leslie Rodriguez	Preparing all lessons	Tarzan 2nd	Ingagi
Bill Saunders	Chewing gum	"A" in French	More gum
Bill Seeburger	"I'm a traffic cop"	To fool the public	Barnum 2nd
Bud Sisterna	"I'm not Arthur"	Butter 'n' egg man	
Sharman Wall	Bellowing	Movie actor	Champ hog caller
Mary Westpahl	Lipstick	A date with X	Date with Y-Y
Marjorie Wind	Rolling her orbs	Matrimony	Matrimony
Miss Brubaker	Peter and Algebra	Curly hair	Permanent wave
Russell Andrews	In good with Miss Fraser	Millionaire	Dough stacker in bakery
Bob Battle	Fighting with Bob White	Minister	Racketeer
Earl Brodie	Little Russia	Police chief	Gangster
Elizabeth Carroll	Piquancy	Dietician	Dyspepsia
Frances Colby	Nose and English	A poet	Mother Goose writer
Arthur Davies	"Can I see your Latin?"	News reel photographer	False teeth adjuster
Haddee Dewey	Dishwashing	College "prof."	Kindergarten teacher
Kathryn Ebey	Freckles	Traveler	Fuller Brush man
Bill Folwell	Getting Bob to do Algebra	Big banker	Miss Collins' assistant
Barbara Green	Laugh	Horse trainer	Manufacturer, toy horses
Carl Hunter	Black sweater	Artist	Cartoonist
Jane Jenkins	Parting eyebrow	Hairdresser	Shoe salesman
Kathryn Jones	Pug nose	Secretary	Horse doctor
Luella Johnson	Boyish bob	Candy salesman	Garfield candy cage
Corinne Kelly	"Done your Spanish?"	Spanish teacher	Miss Whitney's pest
Rose Kerner	A in tumbling	Paderewski II	Piano wrecker
Mayola Korhonen	"Micky"	Aviatrix	A tailspin
George Lawrence	Mrs. Smith'shero (or pest)	Bing Crosby II	Amos 'n' Andy announcer
Jane Malmgren	Freckles	Actress	Usherette
Hazel McKee	Spanish	Radio crooner	Static
Bernard Mugglestone	President Hoover	Farmer	Milkmaid
Tom Pauli	Funny face	Comedian	Circus tall man
Bob Peterson	Asthmatic paroxysms	Keyhole magnate	Locksmith
Rhoda Potter	Everything in general	Lady Macbeth	Audrey
Dorothy Phillis	Football	Inventor of self washing dish	Dishwasher
Edward Prosser	What was the assignment?	Printer	Inkspot
Frank Sandow	Wandering	Actor	Ticket seller
Gordon Sawyer	Wide open spaces	Grave digger	Real estate man
Charles Shane	In bad with Mrs. Dyson	Society man	Hobo
Bill Stahr	Oral English	Fruit grower	Peach fuzz picker
Odette Stuart	Giggling	Laundress	Ironing clothes
Don Thrall	Band	Farmer	Cow caller
Dan Umberger	Thinking?	Chorus girl	Squirrel bait
Bob White	Lisp	Recite "Theophilus Thistle"	Try all his days
Mary Whitehead	"We want to play basketball"	Block "G"	Circle "32"
Lois Zurilgen	Hair	Go to college	A Scrub
Miss Fraser	Identifications	To meet Breasted or Robinson	Historical heaven
Velma Adams	"I have to get my Latin"	To be a Latin teacher	To speak pig-Latin
Frank Agathos	Forgetting solo-day	To be something	A tight-rope walker
Lois Ammerman	Art	Dietician	President, Old Maid Society
David Baird	His violin playing	Ruth Moses	Bachelor
Jack Barnett	Getting a red face when he talks	To be a Senator	Soap-box orator
William Boyd	Bonny Jean	To be a football player	Bench warmer
Herbert Bolstad	"We want 100% in banking"	Senator	Senator
Alice Brown	"Gosh! what a brainstorm!"	To be a scholar	A substitute teacher

NAME	IDIOSYNCRASY	AMBITION	DESTINY
Frank Clymer	Drawing football diagrams in English	Romance?	Model husband
Evelyn Cooley	Her singing	Lily Pons	Sophie Tucker
Phyllis Crum	Her eyes	To get to Hollywood . . .	Reno
Betty Currier	Saying "Ple-e-e-e-ease" . .		
Helen Damon	A horse laugh (at the wrong time	Aviatrix	Up in the air
Jack Darragh	Sleeping in class	Author of joke book . . .	Student leader, reform school
Louise Duncan	"Gum! Gum!"	? ?	Getting started
John Fontenrose	F for the day	Art teacher	Art student
Janet Foreman	"What'll Miss Fraser say?"	A in French	Detention
James Garner	Lumbago	To be a Follies Girl . . .	Napa
Mary Ann Gatewood . .	Athlete's foot	Opera star	Street-corner singer
Dorothy Graham	Blushing	To be an athlete	Blowing up balls
Raymond Heally	Volley ball	To learn French	To stay in Garfield
Bennie Hugel	Benedict	Miss Fraser's pet	Her pest
Elma Johanssen	Color of her hair	To be on basketball team .	Third sub
		To be a "woman with a past"	Ingenué
Barbara Karcher	That which isn't between her ears		
Dorothy Larmour	Thinking?	To be in the movies . . .	In the circus
Jane Lily	Her name	Win at tit-tat-toe	Lost weight trying
Neil Marshall	Wiggling his ears	To be a lily	Pansy
Francis Mayer	Teacher's pet	2nd Jerry Cruncher . . .	Digging things up
Evan McPherson	Going to operas	To crash a gate	On the outside
John Merritt	Girls	26-mile runner	Teacher
Mary Pollard	Boys	To be good looking	Romantic error
Peggy Ruth Poppe	Has none	French model	Somebody's Stenog
Jack Saunders	His twin?	To learn to sing	Church choir
Muriel Sea	"I have no idiosyncrasy" . .	A in History	Why worry?
Jean Somers	Football games	A French teacher	Speaking English
Mildred Stahl	No <i>certain thing</i>	Billy Boy	Billy Boy
Eo Stoeckle	"Want some gum?"	Lead Camp Fire Group . .	Follower
Bill Watson	Lisp	Gum tester	Always chewing
Phyllis Wisecarver	Her nose	Athlete	Bank clerk
		Lawyer	Singing teacher
Mrs. Archer		To quiet Douglas McConnell	To shoot aforementioned person
K. Amonette	Adonis profile	Vampire	Divorcee
Marian Bickmore	Debater	Artist	Kindergarten teacher
Richard Caldwell	"Broadside" dispenser . . .	Newspaper reporter . . .	Musician
Audrey Doty	Slumbrous eyes	Circe or somepin'	Washerwoman
Alberta Finkeldey	Pug nose	Aviatrix	Grave
Shundo Fujioka	Seeker of knowledge	Business man	Success
John Golding	Gals	Cutting school	Detention
Lillian Hageman	History	Opera singer	Music teacher
Doane Hickman	Sports	Olympics	Pee Wee champion
Edward Irving	W. Huntington, Esq.	Silence?	Big silent man
Anna Jensen	Dimpled knees	Bathing beauty	Deep sea bass
Winsor Johns	Study	More study	Dunce cap
Fumiko Kondo	Shy ! ! !	Costume designer	15c store clerk
Douglas McConnell	Gentle voice	Cheer leader	Train announcer
Erma Ruth McDonald . . .	Red hair	Auburn hair	Place to match hair
Warren, Merrill	Illusive	Mathematician	Author
William Nelson	Legs	"Mechanic"	Spring dancer
Haruko Oda	Shy ! ! !	The Heights	Success
Jack Slater	Olive oil?	Matrimony	Bacon grease
Arthur Vickery	Bellowing	Vocalist	Why go into that?
Douglas Weller	Algebra	Chief manufacturer of left handed doves' nests . . .	Mourning dove
Betty Williams	A crooked toe	Golf champion	Caddy
Carl Wilson	Pop guns	Traffic cop	Al Capone II
Gordon Wiser	Bashful?	Business man	Housewife
Mrs. Archer	Douglases!	To get rid of 'em	Keep 'em

THE HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY

OF THE ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-SIX graduates of December, 1932, fifty-seven are members this semester of the Honor Society. This is an unusually high percentage. There are many others who were members of the Honor Society in Seventh and Eighth Grades, but succumbed to the dragon Algebra when in the Low Ninth. Probably several of those will find themselves again on the Honor Roll at the close of this term. We hope so.

A star is given to a student for each semester he is a member of the Honor Society. As Low Sevens are not eligible, five stars is the greatest number that can be given. The following is our High Nine Honor Roll:

FIVE STARS

Lois Ammerman, Peggy Bailey, June Bofinger, Jack Brodeick, Frank Clymer, Frances Colby, Betty Carrier, Haddee Dewey, Janet Foreman, Mary Ann Gatewood, Brandon Howell, Phyllis Johnson, Kathryn Jones, Mayola Korhonen, Peggy Kramer, Dorothy Larmour, Douglas McConnell, Elsie McCulloch, Erma Ruth McDonald, Hazel McKee, Ruth Moses, Harukoda, Lois Sandner, Nancy Whitlock, Marjorie Wind, Lois Zurilgen.

FOUR STARS

Kay Ammonette, Jack Barnett, LaVerne Burgess, Robert Duttle, Olive Graham, Jane Malmgren, Warren Merrill, Robert Petersen, Mildred Stahl, Lillian Hageman.

THREE STARS

Howard Coates, Georgene Drew, Florence Dunn, Helen Hink, Marian Mulholland, Alfred Myatt.

TWO STARS

Herbert Bolstad, Leonard Ford, Isabel Hinckley, Jane Jenkins, Luella Johnson, Fumiko Kondo, Edward Prosser, Odette Stuart.

ONE STAR

Russell Andrews, Kathryn Ebey, John Fontenrose, Rhoda Potter, George Scheibner, Jean Somers, William Stahr, Mary Westphal.



THE HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY BANQUET

ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER TENTH a very successful and enjoyable banquet was given for the High Nine members of the Honor Society. It began at six-thirty with a turkey dinner, during which the dance orchestra and their soloist entertained the diners. After the dinner a number of former Garfield students were introduced and several made speeches. Mr. MacDonald, the father of the G. S. A. Secretary, spoke also. Then a skit and a short play were given. The skit was composed of imitations of some of the teachers, one of which was an imitation of Mr. Hennessey given by Brandon Howell. While the tables were being removed to permit dancing the guests were taken to the auditorium to see the pictures taken on Library Day. They then returned to the cafeteria where dancing was enjoyed for the rest of the evening.

—Olive Graham, *High Nine*.



G. S. A. OFFICERS—HONOR SOCIETY OFFICERS

JACK WILLIS <i>President</i>	RUTH JONES <i>Vice-President</i>	ERMA RUTH McDONALD <i>Secretary</i>	JACK BARNETT <i>Treasurer</i>
NANCY WHITLOCK <i>Social Secretary</i>	MARY ANN GATEWOOD <i>Girls' Athletic Manager</i>	BOB MALLARY <i>Boys' Athletic Manager</i>	JACK BRODRICK <i>President</i>
BOB DOANE <i>Low Eight Director</i>	MARY LOU BAILEY <i>Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE COBB <i>High Eight Director</i>	LOIS SANDNER <i>Secretary</i>



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Photography Assistant—Otto Koford.

King Sun's Announcement

*The king of the sky sends heralds forth,
To announce his coming each morn.
First come the servants in blue, white and gray,
To tell us the new day is born.*

*Then come the fine ladies in rose, pink and gold
Their skirts trailing out o'er the sky,
They seem so fine, with their rainbow-bued gowns,
Those beautiful ladies on high.*

*Next come the king's private messengers,
They're the sunbeams in yellow and gold,
Then comes the king of the sky himself,
The sun in all glory! Behold!*

—Betty Lou Howard, *Low Eight*.



JINX

A GROUP OF AIRPLANES circled the airport.

On the ground sat James Wilson, U. S. Army. He was speaking to a captain nearby about the beautiful precision of the manoeuvres of a certain biplane. He said, "Say, Captain, I think I'll take that ship up tomorrow; I sure like the way it handles."

"I agree with you, Wilson," was the reply, "her performance is marvelous, but perhaps you should know she is a jinx ship; every man who flies her dies within a year."

"All foolish superstition," returned Wilson, "I'm going to take old X-13 up tomorrow."

"Have your own way, I'll not interfere," answered the captain, "but I think it's a jinx and yet, have your own way."

So next day Wilson took up the X-13 as he had planned, and he was delighted with her performance. When he came down, he sought out the captain and said to him, "Say, captain, that ship may be a jinx, but it flies better than anything I ever saw and I'm going to keep on flying her."

"Ah, but she'll get you in the end—that's her motto, you know, 'I always kill my flier.'"

"Enough of such foolishness! Really you get on my nerves," said the irritated Wilson.

"Get on your nerves? Well, it may," replied his companion, "but to change the subject, how do you like that new gas we're using?"

"Fine," was the very bored answer.

Then one day he (Wilson) had a change of heart. His nerve was shattered. He feared the plane that had been his favorite, and he was in a terrible state of apprehension and fear.

In fact, he even quit the air corps of which he had been a very enthusiastic member. His nerve was completely shattered and he shunned anything with any risk to it. It was all because of that jinx ship.

But, after ten months in this condition, he decided that if he was going to die, he was going to die, and once more joined the Air Force. He even went back to his old plane, the X-13.

Then one day while he was warming up his deadly craft, she began to miss, and then backfire.

"Just cold," he said to himself, and gave her the gun.

Wilson flew high that day; higher than usual. At a great height, his motor sputtered and then died.

He thought of the jinx.

Suddenly, the captain's voice came through the radio, "Your ship is on fire; take to your chute."

Wilson made all haste to do just that, but in his frantic haste he pulled the ring too soon, and his chute caught in the tail surfaces of his plane.

He shrieked in agony.

So died the only man who ever flew this jinx and lived a year, and he lived just three hundred sixty-six days.

—Loren Caffee, *Low Nine*.



SHANGHAI DURING THE WAR

SHANGHAI is divided into four main sections, the International settlement, the Chinese city, and Chapei.

We were refugees in the French settlement within a mile and a half of the firing line. One night a bomb landed on the street on which we lived, but we were not in as much danger as one might think, for Japan knew if they started fighting in the International settlement the other countries of the world would be involved.

The rattle of machine guns, the rumble of cannon reached our ears as we sat in the evening reading the newspaper or wondering what would happen next. Hundreds upon hundreds of the Chinese that lived in Chapei were fleeing into the International settlement for safety. The streets were thronged with people using all modes of travel, conveying them and their few belongings to safety.

At ten o'clock a curfew blew. Anyone found in the streets after that hour spent the night in jail.

Every night for a solid month we could hear the bombs, shells, and machine guns, while every once in a while a French tank or armored car would go by our door with guns bristling patrolling the streets of the French settlement. The ruin caused by the war was terrible, but that is another story.

—David L. Weeks, *Low Eight*.

Daffodil

*Deep in the woodland glade,
Close by a rill,
Sheltered in darkest shade,
Blooms daffodil.*

*Doom to Persephone
Plucked she your bloom,
Tool of Fate's destiny
Lured by perfume.*

—Betty Stearns, *Low Nine*.



A WILD RIDE

LATE ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON, on the fourth floor of a large department store in New York City, a certain Miss Sophronia Jessup, amid throngs of pushing customers, suddenly happened to look at the store clock and found, to her dismay, that it was four-thirty. She remembered, still more to her consternation, that by five o'clock she was expected to be at a hospital several miles distant to visit a sick friend. Since visiting hours closed at five, she hastily gathered up her purchases and quickly made her way to the elevators, only to see the top of one, downward bound, just disappearing. While she was waiting, another one passed, full to its capacity, and not stopping to open its doors. In another minute, a white light twinkled down at the other end of the long row. She hurried to this and was about to step in when she heard the elevator starter say, "Going up; going up." Her third attempt in getting an elevator, however, was successful.

Down to the first floor in the crowded elevator, she rode, and you may be sure Miss Sophronia was the first to alight. By sheer force she managed to elbow her way through the throng of shoppers and squirm out the front door.

She immediately summoned a taxi and her words to the driver were: "To Francis Hospital. Be quick, my man; most urgent." (Miss Sophronia always spoke in sharp, jerky phrases.) And then the long remembered ride began.

Up and down hills and through tunnels, the cab raced, until a loud siren sounded directly behind them, and, in a second, a motorcycle, bearing an officer of the law, drew up beside them.

"Shure an it's like a race horse you're goin'. Why the speed, me man?" asked a huge, burly Irish policeman.

"Oh," said the driver, "I gotta very sick lady in the car here. I'm atakin' her to the hospital."

"Oh, well, ef thot be the case, nobody kin ever say Dan O'Mera hin-

dered any sick person from bein' took to the hospital. Come along, then; let's git goin'."

They started on their way again, going at a more terrific speed than before, the car careening so at times that it was nothing short of a miracle that it didn't turn over.

Finally, Miss Sophronia in her fright, began to bang on the window which separated the driver's seat from the back seat, trying frantically to ask the driver what in the world the policeman was doing, going in front of them and blowing the siren, and why they were going so fast. When the driver did loo back in answer to these frantic gesticulations, all he saw was a white, agonized face which spurred him on to increased speed. It was then that Miss Sophronia became hysterical and fainted.

When they reached the hospital, going straight to the emergency entrance, attendants rushed Miss Sophronia up to the operating room where she recovered from her faint. She had a difficult time explaining that she came only to visit a friend.

—Patricia J. Parrish, *High Seven*.



Christopher Columbus

*I found him in the street one night,
A-shiv'rin with the cold;
I took him home and gave him food,
And how my ma did scold.*

*She said he weren't no decent dog,
An' so full o' dirt and fleas,
An' Pa said he was doggone sure
He had some queer disease.*

*But finally, they both agreed
That he could live with us;
Now sis, she got so blazin' mad,
She raised an awful fuss.*

*But I just laughed at her, you see,
I didn't care a cent,
I knew the pup was safe, because
Whatever Pa said went.*

*I named him for Columbus,
And called him "Chris," for short—
Sis wanted it poetical—
I didn't like that sort.*

*Pa grew to be quite foud o' him,
Ma loved him on the sly;
Sis showed him off to all her friends,
While pride glowed in her eye.*

*One day he gamboled on the tracks,
A train came whizzin' past;
I screamed to him in terror,
But poor "Chris" had breathed his last!*

*Sis locked the door of her bedroom,
And her eyes were red, that night;
Pa couldn't read his paper,
And complained of the awful light.*

*Ma cried while gettin' supper,
The smoke was fierce, she said.
But I missed him more'n they did,
'Cause he slept with me in bed.*

—Jane Malmgren, *High Nine*.



MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—"GOOD-BYE"

I TRACE MY ANCESTRY back to the English. As a matter of fact, I was living when the Mayflower sailed. You human beings who boast of having ancestors who came over on it have nothing on me. I came over on it myself.

When I was a boy, I didn't like my long name, "God-be-with-you," so I shortened it to "Good-bye." Much better, don't you think?

My father and mother, "Fare-well" and "Adieu," came from fine blood. Although I am used generally now, I was known by my old name until I was nearly a young man.

My mother, "Adieu" descended from the French. My father, "Fare-well," descended from the Anglo-Saxon. He used to have another name like mine only it was "Fare-you-well," which means "go-you-well," but he, like me, changed it. I guess it runs in the family.

I think I shall have to change my name again, or name my son, "So Long," "See-you-later," "Toodle-loo," or some one of these slang names by which you call me.

This would be a disgrace to my family, as we have permitted only good blood to enter it, and I fear this would mar our good record. I would rather be called by my old name, "God-be-with-you," than any of the afore mentioned names.

Take pity on a poor, abused, word!

—Mary E. Rieber, *Low Nine*.

Spring in the Embryo

*Feathery green tree,
Background against the diffident blue of the sky.*

Plebeian sparrows chirp coarsely.

*A sprig of greenery pokes shy around the red brick wall,
Clothing the soft red brick,
Looping loosely around it,
And entwines it, lovingly.*

*The air hums absently,
Considering abstract problems.*

*A bird of doubtful origin and dusty, bedraggled feathers,
Lights upon a telephone wire.
Another darts beside him;
They chat sociably,
Then fly erratically away.*

*The air hums,
Takes to itself rare perfume,
Becomes laden with nectar, drugged with incense.
The sun warms everything—.*

—Joel Lee, *High Nine*.



NEVER AGAIN

“SAY, HAVE YOU EVER RIDDEN IN AN AEROPLANE, GERTIE? No? Well, take my advice and don’t do it! Why, it’s worth your life, such as it is. I went for a ride in one of those infernal bird affairs yesterday morning and have just now gotten up. I thought I would collapse if I dared to trust myself on my feet even for one minute. When we were over the lake I walked up to our pilot. I asked him what would happen if something went wrong in the engine. He said to me, ‘Lady, we’d never hear of you again.’ And then he said, ‘And if a wing should fall off, you’d never live to see my beaming countenance again.’ Then he made an awful grimace at me and told me to ‘go sit down,’ I might fall out of the window! Imagine! Speaking to me like that! After that he proceeded to do a lot of summersaults with that bird of his. I was on the floor on my face half of the time! See my nose? It’s all black and blue. What a man!”

—Phyllis Wisecarver, *High Nine*.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK SATCHEL

EDWARD C. JOHNSON was spending a week with his uncle, Mr. John J. Brinkwater, at his home in Fairview Highlands.

Ed walked down the stairs toward the garden, but he stopped before he was halfway down. He heard a man say, "Be sure not to let any one know about this. Remember to be here at 9:15 o'clock this evening. Mr. Brinkwater will not be here then." He then saw a mysterious man with a black satchel leave the grounds.

When he saw his uncle alone the next time, he told him what he had heard and seen.

"Well, it looks like someone is planning to rob us," said Mr. Brinkwater, "but I never would have thought that Henry would do such a thing."

Ed commented, "Do you think we can go to the Brown's and then come back and catch the robber in the act?"

"My friend, Mr. Burns, the detective, may be able to help us in this."

That evening they went to the Brown's house, but they did not stay. They and Mr. Burns went to the house next door to Mr. Brinkwater's house. They waited till they were very weary. Finally, the butler came out of the door and looked around. He then signaled to the man with the black satchel who went into the house. Later, Mr. Burns, Ed, and his uncle quietly went into the house. As they went up the stairs they heard a bang—the sound of a heavy piece of metal falling on the floor.

Mr. Burns, with gun drawn, stepped into the room. Mr. Brinkwater and Ed followed him. To their amazement the butler was standing by the door very much startled. The other man had just removed part of the floor heater and was reaching down into it. The black satchel was lying by his side with a crowbar, wrench, and several other tools in it.

"How can you explain this?" demanded Mr. Brinkwater.

"I—er—ah—well, it was this way. I dropped your favorite pipe in the floor heater. I didn't want you to know about it so I had the plumber come when you weren't here."

—Fred Wood, *Low Nine*.



The Brooklet

*Rushing and gushing down the glen,
Swirling and twirling 'round the bend,
Singing and ringing o'er rocky rill,
Wanders the brooklet, down the bill.*

*Lying there in a pool so still,
Now hurrying, scurrying towards the mill,
Then out in the sunshine, and past the mill,
Wanders the brooklet, down the bill.*

—Betty Garges.

Homeward Bound

*The roaring brook rushed madly,
Down to the wide spread sea,
It gurgled and gushed and leaped
In seeming joyous glee.
It reached the first line breakers
And mingling in the foam
It nestled in the curling crests,
Where at last it found its home.*

—Jane Armitage, *High Seven*.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

GONE! GONE! The words raced through my brain like a cyclone. With icy fingers I clutched the bed for support. My throat was dry; I almost choked.

"They can't be," the words stumbled out of my mouth and formed the sentence. Over and over again I repeated it while the real truth kept pounding in my head like a hammer. Once more I glanced at the small, black, leather box, but only the smooth, white satin lining of the box greeted my searching eye.

It was true! The fear that had seized me only five minutes before had given way to reality. The jewels were stolen!

After regaining my composure I searched frantically in every nook and cranny in a vain attempt to recover the beautiful diamond necklace. The search was for naught! I could scarcely comprehend this astounding acknowledgement. I stumbled blindly out of the cabin to get a breath of fresh, salt air. The motion of the boat sickened me. I felt giddy. I swayed mechanically as I groped my way to the rail. A small, dark object darted across my path causing me to stumble. The catastrophe, which might have happened, didn't occur as a Mr. Randall, a passenger on the ship, passing by at the crucial moment, steadied my arm and aided me to regain my footing. Mr. Randall gallantly tipped his hat and pointedly smiled at me. I looked around to see what had caused the disturbance. To my astonishment I saw the retreating figure of my pet monkey, Jocket, disappear around a corner.

I could not suppress a giggle as I recalled the timely appearance of my benefactor. Then I recalled his apparent joviality. Something mysterious lurked beneath his mask of friendliness.

This little incident, unimportant as it was, brought me down to earth with a bang and left me with a mind clear for action. The next most logical thing to do was to confide in Captain Whalton, explain the entire situation, and take his advice as to the next step to recover my stolen jewels.

Tremblingly I walked up the stairs and knocked on a door. Large

gilded letters, forming the word Captain, stood in sharp contrast with the heavy oak door.

In answer to my knock Captain Whalton admitted me to his office. Captain Whalton was a large, portly man, having iron gray hair and a moustache. His Irish blue eyes were shaded by gray, thick eyebrows. The impression was altogether favorable.

After relating my complete story, Captain Whalton's face relaxed into a quizzical smile.

"I shall certainly do my utmost to solve this most baffling mystery," again his smile broadened.

"Now this Mr. Randall is but an acquaintance of mine. I have never had any reason to mistrust him; however, he will be closely watched. I deem it advisable to let the matter be kept from the public until we have a more definite light on the situation. The remainder of today will be spent to good advantage by my detectives. I am quite sure that your jewels will soon be located. In the event that they are not, however, we shall be right on the job," his blue eyes twinkled, his delightful smile spread across his face, lining it with merry wrinkles.

Confident and hoping that my worries would soon be over, I returned to my cabin with a somewhat buoyant step. Opening the door, I carelessly glanced into the room. My face froze; then the ice broke. I cannot recall how long I stood in the doorway and laughed.

Jocket was sitting on my dressing table coyly powdering her face and daintily fingering the beautiful diamond necklace around her neck.

Elaine West, *Low Nine*.



The Butterfly

*As down the garden path I strolled,
I saw upon the wall,
A little home of fairy mould,
Which lay, so still and small.*

*So day by day I watched it there,
Until at last I saw,
Instead of ugly greyish walls,
A thing to fill with awe!*

*A butterfly with painted wings,
Upon a leaf nearby,
Had left the now deserted home,
Out in the world to fly.*

—Marjorie Larmour, *High Eight*.

By the Sea

*By the shore of the sea at twilight,
I long to sit on the sand.
While softly approaching comes the night,
Bringing peace o'er all the land.*

*I hear the waves as they sing to me,
Stories of vikings bold.
Whose ships once sailed upon the sea;
In days that were of old.*

*Then as the tide comes slowly in,
Beating its waves 'gainst the shore,
Something stirs me deep within—
An urge to sail once more.*

—Dorothy Price, *High Eight*.



A DESERT SCENE

THE SUN IS HOT UPON THIS SCENE of stillness; of quiet. It is early in the morning and there is a slight crispness in the air as the sun peeks over the mesa and illumines the painted landscape with its golden luster. A lone giant cactus looms against the yellow fringed sky like a tall monument to the supreme stillness of the desert. The ground is rocky and here and there is dotted with sagebrush and other hardy plants. In the distance lies a range of barren purple colored mountains tipped by a crown of orange where the sun's rays strike.

A sky of deep blue fading to yellow-orange at the horizon blends with the range. High up in the heavens floats a vulture, a gliding scavenger of the desert, never seeming to flap his white tipped wings. There is a faint rustling among the parched bushes and a little lizard, who had previously been sunning itself, scampers off into a murky crevice in the rocks among the bushes.

Wafted softly by the morning air a song is brought to our ears. It is a cowboy song and sure enough a mounted figure is seen approaching and pouring out his soul in jolly tunes. We see him more clearly and notice the bright colors of his outfit. He wends his way onward and, turning, is soon lost to view but his song is still ringing in our ears. It is still haunting us as we turn thoughtfully back to our cabin. In a few minutes all is again still on the desert.

The sun rises higher, shortening the shadows and casting a glare on the surrounding landscape. Such is the desert; the always changing, restless scenery that strangely produces the opposite effect on all that gaze upon it.

—Brandon Howell, *High Nine*.

Farewell, Old Year

*The bells are chiming twelve o'clock,
It is your death knell that we hear;
And soon will come the New Year's knock,
Farewell, old year.*

*Your life's been filled with woe and pain,
More room for sorrow than for cheer;
You've but a moment to remain,
Farewell, old year.*

*A new-born heir will take your place,
Your time to die is drawing near.
I see death written on your face,
Farewell, old year.*

—Lilian Hennessey, *High Eight*.



THE MYSTERY OF THE BELFRY

ONE BLEAK, JANUARY DAY a traveler was passing through the deserted town of Dublin. Suddenly, the sound of a bell echoed through the morning air. The traveler, knowing no one lived within miles, vowed he wouldn't go from Dublin until he'd discovered the answer to this baffling mystery.

The traveler, Jerry MacDonald, went to what was once the town hall where he knew the bell was located. He could find no clue there so he decided to stay near the bell day and night.

In the night, Jerry had an inspiration. He thought it was only the wind ringing the bell. Suddenly the bell began ringing.

"The mystery is solved," he cried as he rushed up the stairs to the belfry. On his way, he noted the wind was from the east, but much to his surprise, when he got to the belfry, the openings were on the north and south!

In the afternoon when he went to the nearest town for food he inquired for someone who could tell him about Dublin. The city council directed him to the mayor's house and told him to ask for the mayor's son, Richard.

He found the mayor's house to be of colonial style. It was a roomy house and richly furnished. A few minutes after he had rung the bell he found, confronting him, a handsome boy about sixteen. The head butler, he thought. But no, he did not wear the butler's uniform. Then he must be Richard.

Jerry explained that he wanted to know as much as possible about Dublin. Richard surprised him greatly when he said, "We'll go there now, and I'll explain things." After a pause, he said, "You don't mind going in my fliver, do you?"

"No, certainly not," replied Jerry.

In a few minutes they were on their way. Richard opened the conversation with, "I used to go there every day to see if I could find the jewels."

"What jewels? Perhaps they have something to do with the mystery."

By this time they were jumping up the stairs of the belfry.

"Listen, the bell's ringing," ejaculated Jerry. "And look," he continued, as they got to the top of the stairs, "the bell is ringing the opposite way from the openings!" When the excitement was over, Richard began explaining:

"My great-grandfather was mayor of Dublin in its height. One night his wife's jewels were stolen. They hunted and hunted, but they never found the jewels. Gradually the people of the village went elsewhere and my great-grandfather left, too, and that's the story."

Jerry said, "Thanks," and then started swinging the bell back and forth. Suddenly something fell and four objects ran across the floor.

"Rats," exclaimed Richard, "I wonder what fell?" But Jerry wasted no time and by then he had seen the whole story.

"Richard, come here. I guess your great-grandfather's jewels are found. The rats made a nest in the bell with them and covered them with straw."

"But how did they get the jewels?" asked Richard.

"The rats took them, my boy. When they ran back and forth the bell rang."

So the "Mystery of the Belfry" was solved.

—Elinor Skimmings, *High Seven*.



Campfire

*The sparks from our fire
Flew into the night,
Up to the tops of the trees.*

*And there weren't any stars
In the sky that night,
Not any stars but these.*

*The sparks danced out
Of our fire and blew
Merrily all about*

*To turn into stars
When the moon is new
And our hemlock fire is out.*

—Isabel Morrison, *Low Eight*.

Autumn Ride

*The wild wind sings as we ride by,
Alone on the trail, my horse and I.
Above us slopes a hillside steep,
Below us yawns a canyon deep.*

*We canter briskly 'neath the trees.
Then out again to greet the breeze
That swirls the leaves down to the ground,
As we pass on, with rust'ling sound.*

*We round a curve, we've reached the plain—
Then swiftly on, with loosened rein,
The keen air tingles in my face,
As now across the fields we race.*

*Then slowing down into a lope
We reach again the upward slope.
Tho' steep the climb, we gain the crest,
I draw the rein and pause to rest.*

*Far, far below the city lies;
Its windows gleam 'neath sunset skies,
The air grows chill, we must descend,
Our way across the fields to wend.*

—Lilian Hennessey, *High Eight*.



THE RESCUE

THE CAMPFIRE CAST SHADOWS on the faces of the men, as they listened intently to the stories of Jim, the scout.

A ringing shot broke the silence of the dark forest. This was followed by several more. The men jumped up quickly and covered their fire. Jim knew by the sound that the shots came from the place where old man Nelson had moved his traps. The men crept quietly along the shadows, wading the river edge. To their dismay they saw in the clearing the cabin bursting into flames. They were too late. The Indians had set the fire and killed the old trapper. From one of the bushes near the edge of the river, they heard a muffled scream. There Jim found a little, thirteen-year-old girl crying. He lifted her gently in his arms and they rode with his comrades at a rapid pace.

"I'll save you or I'll die," Jim whispered to the frightened child.

The Indians were pursuing them. They rode all that night. The next morning they could stop with safety, for the Indians had been left far behind.

"No, certainly not," replied Jerry.

In a few minutes they were on their way. Richard opened the conversation with, "I used to go there every day to see if I could find the jewels."

"What jewels? Perhaps they have something to do with the mystery."

By this time they were jumping up the stairs of the belfry.

"Listen, the bell's ringing," ejaculated Jerry. "And look," he continued, as they got to the top of the stairs, "the bell is ringing the opposite way from the openings!" When the excitement was over, Richard began explaining:

"My great-grandfather was mayor of Dublin in its height. One night his wife's jewels were stolen. They hunted and hunted, but they never found the jewels. Gradually the people of the village went elsewhere and my great-grandfather left, too, and that's the story."

Jerry said, "Thanks," and then started swinging the bell back and forth. Suddenly something fell and four objects ran across the floor.

"Rats," exclaimed Richard, "I wonder what fell?" But Jerry wasted no time and by then he had seen the whole story.

"Richard, come here. I guess your great-grandfather's jewels are found. The rats made a nest in the bell with them and covered them with straw."

"But how did they get the jewels?" asked Richard.

"The rats took them, my boy. When they ran back and forth the bell rang."

So the "Mystery of the Belfry" was solved.

—Elinor Skimmings, *High Seven*.



Campfire

*The sparks from our fire
Flew into the night,
Up to the tops of the trees.*

*And there weren't any stars
In the sky that night,
Not any stars but these.*

*The sparks danced out
Of our fire and blew
Merrily all about*

*To turn into stars
When the moon is new
And our hemlock fire is out.*

—Isabel Morrison, *Low Eight*.

Autumn Ride

*The wild wind sings as we ride by,
Alone on the trail, my horse and I.
Above us slopes a hillside steep,
Below us yawns a canyon deep.*

*We canter briskly 'neath the trees.
Then out again to greet the breeze
That swirls the leaves down to the ground,
As we pass on, with rust'ling sound.*

*We round a curve, we've reached the plain—
Then swiftly on, with loosened rein,
The keen air tingles in my face,
As now across the fields we race.*

*Then slowing down into a lope
We reach again the upward slope.
Tho' steep the climb, we gain the crest,
I draw the rein and pause to rest.*

*Far, far below the city lies;
Its windows gleam 'neath sunset skies,
The air grows chill, we must descend,
Our way across the fields to wend.*

—Lilian Hennessey, *High Eight*.



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"I'll save you or I'll die," Jim whispered to the frightened child.

The Indians were pursuing them. They rode all that night. The next morning they could stop with safety, for the Indians had been left far behind.

Jim kept little Martha, whom they called Hazel-eye because of the color of her eyes, for one month. Her uncle then came to claim her and Jim had to give her up.

Several years passed. Jim often recalled the midnight rescue of his little Hazel-eye and wished that he might see her again.

Dreamily he sat on the mossy bank when he heard the dipping of a paddle and, looking up, he saw a maiden standing in the middle of a birch canoe with a rifle aimed at him. He took off his hat and said to her:

"Drop your rifle, maiden. If you don't mind, I'm not your game."

She came ashore and recognized her preserver of many years ago. Once more she felt strong arms around her. She, recalling that wild night, whispered, "I'll save you or I'll die."

—Lucile Dickson, *Low Nine*.



JOHNNIE LEARNS TO FLY

"Hi, JOHNNIE! How's you and your airplane comin' along, huh?"

Johnnie had heard that so often in the past month he didn't know what to do. Of course, everybody in town knew of his ambition to learn to fly an airplane and, of course, they had to tease him about it. Well, he thought, they had good reason to, because he'd never seen an airplane except 'way up in the air flying along. Of course, he had read all about airplanes in books and he felt he could almost fly one right off.

It was a bright sunshiny day. Way off in the sky, Johnny saw the daily passenger plane. He was so used to seeing it pass over he could almost tell the time by it. But this time there seemed to be something wrong with the engine. Pop, pop, bang! The engine stopped. It seemed to have something wrong with it. Nearby there was a large vacant lot that did not have any ruts or bumps in it. To this Johnnie ran and began to wave his arms about wildly. Luckily the pilot saw him. The plane landed and the pilot got out and began to examine the engine. Johnnie ran over to him.

"Thanks, buddy; you're a pal," said the pilot.

"Glad I could help," replied Johnnie.

"Oh, say kid; come over here a minute, will yuh, please?"

"Sure, what is it?" asked Johnnie.

"Do you know anything about airplanes?"

"A little," acknowledged Johnnie.

"Well, then, listen. Come over here, see? Now put one hand here and the other one there, and pull, but don't get in the way of the propeller."

"I see. This way?"

"Yeh."

The pilot jumped into the cockpit. The motor roared. Johnnie backed away and waved. The pilot waved back. The plane disappeared in the distance.

A few days later an airplane landed on the vacant lot. Johnnie was there as usual. The pilot and the manager of the air line got out.

The pilot stepped up to Johnnie and said:

"Will you take us to your house, bud?"

"Sure. Just follow me."

After a short walk they arrived at his home. After about half an hour's debate with Johnnie's mother they called him into the house.

"Pack up your clothes. These men have a surprise for you," said his mother.

Twenty minutes later the airplane again took off. Johnnie, far up in the sky, knew his ambition was going to be fulfilled in the near future.

—Philip Taylor, *Low Seven*.



A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE in the year 1930. The heavy snow lay like a blanket over the ground and rooftops, and glistened under the light of the street lamps. The shadows of the trees fell on the snow, making queer, long figures that danced and flitted about as the wind blew through the branches. Colored lights and holly wreaths could be seen in the windows of the houses along the brightly lighted streets. People with warm wraps and rubbers hustled through the streets carrying bundles and wreaths tied with red and green ribbons.

On a bench in a near-by city park sat a young man. The collar of his gray coat was drawn up around his throat and a gray hat was pulled down over his eyes. This young man was obviously watching the people as they scurried by. It began to snow. The man arose, drew his coat closer about him, shoved his hands in his pockets, and moved away. He turned down a side street and went up to a cosy little house with smoke curling up from the red, brick chimney into the still, dark night. The light pouring out of the windows surrounded the man as he stepped up to the porch. He brushed the flakes of snow from his clothes and then entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, his young wife came out of the kitchen to meet him.

"Where have you been, John?" she asked anxiously. "It's so late and it's snowing again."

"Oh, just watching the people pass," answered the young man wearily. "Searching for someone for my picture—someone who looks like the Madonna."

"And did you find that someone?" asked his wife, taking his coat and hat.

"No," returned the man. "None of them would do and I must have the picture finished by tomorrow for the art gallery. I can't seem to get the right expression in the eyes—that expression the Madonna should have."

"It will come to you, dear," the young woman comforted with a fond pat on the shoulder.

At that moment a curly-haired boy of three came into the room and ran to his father who tossed him into the air and set him upon his shoulder. The three went into a cosy living-room where a fire was burning merrily

and a lovely Christmas tree stood gleaming with lights and ornaments. The man set the little child on the floor and went to a corner where stood the partly finished picture of the Madonna. He took up his brushes and palette and began to work on the picture. His young wife sat by the fire reading. Presently, the little boy at her feet, tiring of his play, curled up by the warm fire and went to sleep. The woman looked at the little tot with a smile. She then lifted him in her arms, kissing the rosy, upturned face. The man, glancing up from his work, gasped in amazement.

"Why, Anne! Anne, you have that Madonna expression. I noticed it when you were looking at Bobbie just then. Now I can finish my picture."

And with that the artist set to work with a satisfied smile. As the young woman arose to put her small son to bed, the chimes of a near-by church rang out sweet and clear across the new-fallen snow and heralded the coming of Christmas Day.

—Bernice Christensen, *Low Nine*.



A Bed-Time Story

*When Mr. Sun sinks to his rosy bed,
He over him draws a glorious spread.
Deep blue is its color and sprinkled with stars,
Many planets, the moon, Saturn, Venus and Mars,*

*He's proud of his cover is old Mr. Sun,
And so, in the morning, when the dark night is done,
He folds it most carefully and puts it away,
In the back of the hills till the end of the day.*

*And so when we see near the sunset's red glow,
The first peeping star, then we're sure that we know
That bright Mr. Sun is pillowing his head
On a fleecy cloud and is going to bed.*

—Ruth Hurt, *Low Eight*.



THE BOLT OF DEATH

JIM BROWN, the young and famed inventor, turned with a grim smile from his workshop. He had just completed a test of his latest invention, a projector capable of shooting a beam of lightning for many hundreds of miles.

Although happy over the success of his work, Jim realized that the invention must be guarded with the greatest care, since it was the most powerful instrument of warfare ever invented. Now that his work was

finished, Jim was most anxious to place the projector into the hands of the War Department as quickly as possible and he determined to fly to Washington the following day.

As Jim left the shop, he saw a small coupe, with curtains pulled down parked on the opposite side of the street. Probably he would have thought nothing of this had it not been for his somewhat nervous feeling about getting the projector to Washington as soon as possible. He decided to walk past the coupe, and, doing so, saw through the windshield what appeared to be two Orientals. As Jim walked on toward home, he became more fearful that something was about to happen, and he determined to return to his shop that evening to be sure that all was well.

Darkness had already set in when Jim again reached his shop. As he was about to open the door, he heard a plane overhead and saw a faint light moving through the sky. Entering the shop, Jim saw at a place that the large wall-safe was open, and he knew instantly that the projector had been stolen. He thought immediately of the two Orientals he had seen, and of the night-flying airplane he had heard but a moment before.

Rushing quickly to a cabinet, Jim grasped a small object and dashed out of the shop. Shouting at the driver of a passing automobile, Jim jumped on the running board and was driven wildly to the Air Port. It seemed but a moment when the big red Mono, which he himself had perfected but a month before, was hurtling down the run-way and turning upward into the sky.

Remembering the direction of the plane he had seen in the sky a few minutes before, Jim took off in pursuit at his full speed of 400 miles per hour. At this terrific speed it was but a short time when a light appeared in the black sky ahead and Jim knew he was rapidly closing in on the other plane. His sole hope now was that his hunch had been correct and that the plane ahead contained the Orientals and his projector. Although flying without lights, Jim knew that his plane would soon be discovered by the occupants of the other, and he knew also that skillful use of the projector could quickly end any chase.

A moment later a streak of lightning seemed to shoot into space from the plane ahead. It swerved and darted through the blackness of the sky and suddenly blazed an arc toward Jim's onrushing plane. A moment more and a terrific explosion rocked the sky. The chase was ended forever.

The mystery of the night explosion remained unsolved for all but General Brower of the War Department and one young man. Jim told the story to the General at the time a newly-constructed projector was delivered into the latter's hands. The young inventor's foresight in perfecting a beam-bending reflector at the same time he was building the lightning projector had not only saved his life, but also had resulted in blowing into atoms those enemies who had stolen the projector.

—Kenneth Street, *High Seven*.

The Little Empty House

*Nobody ever stops to see
What flowers grow in there,
Nor if the lilac tree is out,
Nor what the windows wear,
And oh, the little house must look
As if it didn't care!*

*No fingers ever lift the latch
Of such a rusty gate,
Nor footsteps hurry up the path,
Afraid they might be late,
And oh, the little house must act
As if it didn't wait!*

*And when prospective buyers come
And poke about and peer,
And cry their caustic comment on
The haloed things and dear,
The broken little house must smile
As if it didn't hear!*

—Irvin Muratore, *Low Nine*.



PALM CANYON

PALM CANYON is located about sixty miles south of Riverside on the southwestern part of the Colorado Desert. It is so warm during the summer that the resorts in this region are generally closed from May to November. From Palm Spring, a very fashionable winter resort, you wind through the desert for six miles, crossing a wide stream with a rocky bed. At last you come to a knoll about a hundred feet high. From the top you get your first glimpse of Palm Canyon with its palms and rushing stream.

The palms form almost a maze and grow together overhead so that when walking through them, many times you can not see the sky above. This is the only spot where this particular species of Palm is to be found in America. Scientists claim the seeds must have been dropped many years ago by birds, as there is no record of them ever having been planted. This same palm is found occasionally in Africa and South America.

—Jane Ray Vaughan, *Low Eight*.

CALENDAR

AUGUST

- Aug. 15—Vacation ends. Alarm clocks again in disfavor!
16—Rules! Rules! Know your “Thou shalts” and “Thou shalt nots.”
17—Here a scrub. There a scrub. Everywhere a scrub-scrub. They don’t know their own minds.
18—Handsome Tom Pauli, graceful John Merritt, bashful Billy Watson, quiet Bob Peterson, smiling Ed Stoeckle, and a dozen other noble High Nine boys, stand like unyielding oaks at the various traffic-posts. Beware the cops!
19—Friday. One week gone. Too bad!
22-28—Bucklin’ down to business. Teachers especially.
29—Trip the light fantastic in the gym. And how!

SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 2-4—Tyrannical teachers glare at students. Don’t get heart failure.
5—Hurrah! Labor Day! Well earned rest.
6-8—Do-re-mi. A Cappella and Boys’ Glee tryouts. Many song-birds discovered.
9—Admission Day! Another welcome holiday.
12-13—G. S. A. Campaign. “Got 25c to lend me?”
23—Jack Brodrick elected Honor Society President.
27—B-rrr. Report cards. Gosh, look at them “F”s. Watch me study from now on. Yeah?
30—Noon program. Here’s to a “bigger and better GLEANER.” Buy yours now.

OCTOBER

- Oct. 6—Mme. Lhevinne and Laddie gave us a marvelous concert. Come again!
12—Fire Prevention program. Some of those “hazards” look pretty warm. Be careful, they might blow off. ‘Specially “Defective Chimney.”
13-27—Study! Study! Study! Are your brains swelling, too?
14—Dads’ Club dance. Help pay for the bleachers.
28—Library Day. Best ever. Boy, what fun! Moving pictures, too.
31—Cabinet meeting. Millions donated to Garfield’s “needy” from G. S. A. Fund.

NOVEMBER

- Nov. 4—“Cabin in the Cotton” theatre party. Buy your tickets. Help Dads’ Club.
7-12—American Education Week. Fine programs every day. Many visitors.
8—Election Day. The President comes to town. The Democrats stage a landslide!
10—Honor Society banquet. Are we good? Teachers see themselves as others see them.
11—Armistice Day. Welcome rest!
14-17—Work! Work! Work! Especially the Civics classes.

- 17—Low Nine Honor Society celebrates.
 21-23—Ah-ha. Teachers have institute. We have vacation. Vengeance, thou art sweet!
 24—Oh, that turkey!
 28—Back at school for the home stretch. It won't be long now!
 30—More Honor Society celebrations! This time the Seventh and Eighth Grades.
 Dec. 5-9—Practice for graduation. Singing and marching. "Don't swing your arms!"
 12—Gee, beginning the last week already. Believe it or not, Gleaners tomorrow!
 14—Class Day! Wit and wisdom. Tears not far off.
 15—Graduation! New clothes, flowery speeches, fond parents, our "G's" which we will always cherish in memory of our school.
 16—Our last reports! Farewell to teachers and school mates. WE DON'T WANT TO GO, but Progress is Progress. Goodbye!
 Erma Ruth McDonald, *High Nine*.



GLEANER ACTIVITIES

ON SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH the Gleaner campaign was launched by a very clever and amusing noon program. Mr. Corley and Mr. Perry gave an entertaining act, and a few pupils gave a humorous skit advertising the Gleaner. The jazz orchestra played a few selections and "Trees" was presented by several girls with the aid of Mrs. Smith. The money received from this benefit program was the first funds ready for the publication of our Gleaner.

Shortly after this a candy sale was arranged. The candy was sold at the Dads' Club party, and also during the noon hour at school on Monday following the party.

Several programs and activities are being planned for the future and by the time the Gleaner is published they will probably have been given and carried out. All these entertainments are presented through the efforts and cooperation of the members of the Gleaner Staff in the hope of offering you a bigger and better Gleaner!

—Jane Malmgren, *High Nine*.



ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, the entire school will attend the enjoyable Class Day program, with its interesting music, statistics, and prophecy. Students who will take part are Jack Barnett, Brandon Howell, Bob Petersen, George K. Amonette, Elsie McCulloch, Frances Colly, and Jack Willis. Honors will be presented to the representative students, whose names are as yet unknown.

On Thursday, December 15, the graduating exercises will take place. City Manager Hollis Thompson and Harland Frederick, a Garfield graduate, will address us. Jack Brodrick and Erma Ruth McDonald will be the student speakers. A fine musical program has been arranged. Our "G's" will be presented. In the afternoon the P. T.A. will give a fine party.

Then we shall bid a reluctant farewell, carrying with us many happy memories of our "three bright years at Garfield."



ACTIVITIES



HIGH EIGHT SCIENCE

THIS YEAR Miss Lowrey's Science classes enjoyed a "new deal," inasmuch as there was much more practical application of the sciences.

For instance, in astronomy (we not only looked at charts in books and read our lessons but we actually got outside and studied the eclipse. Beside doing this we made notebooks, collected clippings and read library books on the subject.

We are also taking chemistry, another of the more complex sciences, but with the help of our instructors, who make the work very interesting as well as educational, we feel that we have gotten a great deal out of these two difficult sciences.

—Robert House, *High Eight*.



LIBRARY DAY

A GLITTERING PAGEANT of shimmering costumes, a side-splitting parade of tattered rags. That's Garfield Library Day as it is to others. But to all loyal Garfieldites it's more than just that.

It's a time of wriggling, squirming, and twisting. Your cap hurts your head and bits of fur stick to your back. But you have a good time "for a' that and a' that."

Library Day of 1932 was a greater success than any before. It set a precedent for others not only to follow but to live up to. For glistening finery and tattered raggedness it surpassed the best that Garfield has ever seen.

Imagine the astonishment of a visitor from Canada upon looking into our yard. Tarzan and Mephistopheles play handball, while George Washington and Tom Sawyer hammer on the Gym door for a basketball. In the main hall a bold, bad pirate converses sedately with Aunt Dinah—doubtless asking for a recipe for plum pudding.

That's Library Day—a hearty good time.

—Joel Lee, *High Nine*.



THE FIRE PREVENTION PLAY

DURING FIRE PREVENTION WEEK the "red headed" students of Garfield under the direction of Mrs. Bagnall gave a little play entitled "Fire Hazards." Mr. Hennessey selected the students with red hair to represent such fire hazards as electricity, rubbish, defective chimney, etc. The play was so well received that it was put on again during National Education Week so that our parents might enjoy it. —Carl Wilson, *High Nine*.

THE GIRL SCOUT TROOP

THE GIRL SCOUT TROOP OF GARFIELD is Number One, represented by a "Golden Poppy." We have been meeting in the Girls' Lodge this term, under the direction of Mrs. Kirk, our leader. Our activities vary. Sometimes we go on Nature walks, play compass games, or else work for badges. We were recently visited by members of the Women's Relief Corps, who presented us our flag, and told us of the work they were doing.

There is an over-night camp in the Berkeley Hills at a delightful location. Many times our troop takes a hike to this camp.

Every meeting we play games and have instruction on different points of a Girl Scout's training. I am sure that any girl who wishes to join us will be welcomed. The Girl Scout organization offers a useful and entertaining line of education.

—Lois Zurilgen, *High Nine*.



SCOUT ACTIVITY

THE SCOUTS OF GARFIELD have taken the responsibility of raising the flag in the morning at 8 o'clock. The arrangements have been made by Mr. Flanders with the troops who have members in Garfield. The list of troops participating is: Troops 35, 4, 18, 19, 22, 40, 29, 30, 39, 32, 41, 3, 5, 8, 23, 24 and 28.

—Gordon Sawyer, *High Nine*.



GARFIELD'S TRAFFIC POLICE

GARFIELD'S JUNIOR TRAFFIC POLICE had a very successful term this fall. In the early part of the semester the force participated in a parade through the Berkeley streets with the traffic forces of other Berkeley schools. On November 4, a bean feed was given in the cafeteria for all the Berkeley Junior Police. This was very successful. The rewards for being a Junior Police officer are, free shows at the theaters, and in the fall term, admittance to most of California's football games.

—Howard Coates, *High Nine*.



EDUCATION WEEK

DURING THE WEEK preceding Armistice Day, a program was given each morning in recognition of Education Week. On Monday the band played several selections and the Girls' Glee Club sang two numbers. Tuesday we were entertained by a musical program at which several solos were offered by those who played musical instruments other than the piano. On Wednesday the Fire Prevention play was given again, and that evening the parents were invited to attend a meeting in the auditorium so that they might learn more about the work which their children were doing. On Thursday we were honored by the presence of Lieutenant Story, who told us of some experiences of the World War. We also held an athletic rally and were entertained by two vocal numbers. Education Week was very successful.

—Janet Foreman, *High Nine*.



ORGANIZATIONS



GARFIELD ORCHESTRA AND BAND

GARFIELD JAZZ BAND

THE GARFIELD JAZZ BAND has endeavored to present all the late popular dance numbers to the school. With Harry McElroy as the noisy trumpeter, Bob Mallary and Alfred as the talented pianists, Jerry Carpenter (our handsome blonde) puffing tunes out of the clarinet, and Morgan Saylor "banging" the drums, the result just has to be excellent.

Of course there are others. The violin soloist claims recognition at any of the dreamy waltzes, and when any *expert* saxophone players are wanted John Merritt and Harry Metzler will supply the needs with music that will satisfy even Mrs. Smith's ear for discords.

Let us send the graduating musicians away with three loud chords. Thanks!

—Stanley Neyhart, *Manager*.



AT THE FIRST OF THE TERM it was decided that there would be no Garfield Girls' Glee Club. This was determined because the former Glee Club teacher, Mrs. Nola Johnson, was transferred to another school. However, so many of the girls were eligible for it and wanted to be in it, that Mr. Hennessey allowed the club to be started. Miss Posey, the new director, was chosen and so far has faithfully fulfilled her task. On November 6, 1932, they sang in the auditorium for Education Week.

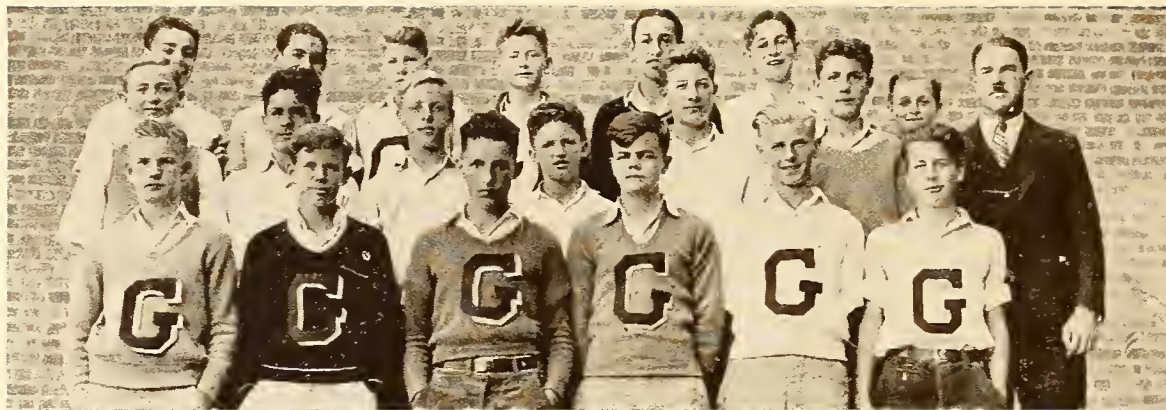
—Rhoda Potter, *High Nine*.



SCENES FROM LIBRARY DAY AND A BIT OF THIS AND THAT



SPORTS



Block "G" only

BLOCK G SOCIETY
HIGH NINE VOLLEY BALL SQUAD
HIGH EIGHT VOLLEY BALL SQUAD

BOYS' ATHLETICS

THE YEAR 1932 was rather a lean one as regards city championships. The boys' High Nine volley ball victory was the only one collected by Garfield teams this term. This would be a very good record for other schools, but Garfield has set a very high standard for its teams, and one championship seems a very slim record indeed after the two championships won earlier this year, and the four and five championships garnered by Garfield teams in the past. However, the High Nine boys' volley ball team is to be congratulated on continuing the run of seven consecutive volley ball championships, and on winning every game on their tough schedule.



THE "BLOCK G" SOCIETY

THE "BLOCK G" SOCIETY started out this term with thirteen members. They are: Jack Brodrick, President; John Mecorney, Vice-President; Bill Watson, Secretary, and Jack Willis, Treasurer. The other members are Bill Johnson, Marshall; Woodrow Hamilton, Assistant Marshall; Arthur Vickerey, Russell Andrews, Jack Barnett, Jack Saunders, David Baird, Bob Mallary, and Bennie Hugel. An initiation was held at the end of the volley ball season. Five new boys were brought in.

The "Block G" has given several dances this semester. The money was used partly to pay for baseball uniforms for the Garfield baseball team. At the end of the term the graduating High Nines were given an Italian dinner by the other members of the society. —Russell Andrews, *High Nine*.



THE HEAD BANKERS OF GARFIELD

THERE ARE THREE High Nine boys who are in charge of the school banking. These boys help the two women who come from the bank. They enter the amount of money in the bank book of each pupil. The slips and money are checked to see that there is no mistake.

These boys are Jack Brodrick, Bill Folwell and Gordon Sawyer. You have seen these boys when they deliver the bank envelopes to each room. Each year three High Nine boys are chosen to do this work.



ART MATERIAL for the GLEANER was selected from work submitted by the Art Staff. Dean Stone designed the cover and Fumiko Kondo, the frontispiece. Pupils who designed and cut the lineloum blocks or the illustrations were: Barbara Pepper, Sports; Lois Ammerman, Graduates; Hazel McKee, Literature, Activities and Fun; and Dean Stone, Organizations.



THE GIRLS' VOLLEY BALL TEAMS

THIS TERM the girls' volley ball teams lost the city championship by a very small margin, the High Nines remaining undefeated throughout the season. The eighth grade girls fought hard, but were unable to defeat the Edison Eighth Grade, who won the championship.

We played our only game at home with Edison. The other two were played at Willard and Burbank.

The teams were coached by our worthy teachers, Miss Stout and Mrs. Davis, to whom much of the credit is due for the games that were won.

—Nancy Whitlock, *High Nine*.



GIRLS' BLOCK G

THE GIRLE' BLOCK G SOCIETY, of which Miss Stout is an honorary member, was started last year by some High Nine girls, but the first meetings were held this year. The society is made up of Eighth and Ninth Grade girls who have won their Block G's in athletics.

The meetings are held every other Friday and the dues are five cents.

The officers are: President, Nancy Whitlock, Vice-President, Jean Somers, and Secretary-Treasurer, Isabel Hinckley.

The society so far has been very successful and those who are leaving, hope it will continue to be so.

—Kathryn Jones, *High Nine*.

STUDENT HELPERS

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Edna Rankin, Thelma Nordby, Stanley Innes, Jane DeRoy, Geraldine Young, Phyllis Johnson, Wallace Macfarlane, Max Muller, Lois Sandner, Meadus Ruggles, Frank Wright, Shirle Bass, Marian Mulholland, Chandler Young, Ardelle McElhaney, Ruth Dibble, Devin Taber, Ruth Hamilton, and Lois Ammerman.



SECRETARY'S OFFICE ASSISTANTS

Mary Whitehead, Rhoda Potter, Kathryn Ebey, Lydia Wene, June Bofinger, Barbara Libbey, Corine Kelly, Jeanne Wagy, Ruth Moses, Mildred Shore, Lucille Dickson, Jane DeRoy, Jean Somers, Georgine Drew, Stanton Williams, Vivian Henkel, and Eleanor McClear.



BOOK-ROOM ASSISTANTS

There are three students who are in the book-room with Mrs. Bellus during eighth period. They are Kegan Hines, Kenneth Owen, and Ray Sears.



BANKING ASSISTANTS

Also there are three boys who assist Miss Collins with the banking every Wednesday in the cafeteria. They are Jack Brodrick, Gordon Sawyer, and Bill Folwell.



MIMEOGRAPH ASSISTANTS

George Scheibner, Albert Potter, Reed McDonald, Clyde Wilson, Lou Anderson, and Edward Prosser.



COUNSELLORS' ASSISTANTS

The counsellors' assistants are: Marian Scott, Douglas McConnell, Darrell Argubright, Iva Dee Hiatt, Jane Somers, Patty Jane Parrish, Sheila Chandler, Marjorie McKee, Herbert Bolstad, Alva Rosedale, and Mary Owen.

DEAR FRIENDS,
THE TIME has come
FOR US to go;
BUT JUST a word,
ABOUT THE past—
WHY I remember—
BUT FIRST I beg
FOR YOU to stop
AND THINK
HOW MANY happy days
AND HOW many friends
YOU HAVE met
IN GARFIELD.
THERE IS one friend
WHOM I met outside
OF GARFIELD—AND OWE
MY *DEEPEST* gratitude—
A DOORMAN.
I WAS fond of a young lady
NAMED ANITA—
AND I decided
TO TAKE HER
TO THE show,
AND I did!
I CALLED for her
IN MY best blue suit,
WHICH HAD a spot
ON THE left knee.
AND SHE wore a dress
WITH LOADS of frills,

AND THE father offered
TO DRIVE us to the theatre
WHICH WAS ALL lit up
WITH LOTS of lights
THAT HURT the eye,
AND A Doorman looked
WITH A frosty glance at us,
AND WE trembled.
BUT WHEN I endeavored
TO PRODUCE the tickets
HE LAUGHED—
BECAUSE I had lost them.
AND I looked at the young lady
AND SHE looked at me.
AND I SMILED weakly
AND SHE giggled,
BUT WE GOT INTO
THAT SHOW.
BECAUSE THE DOORMAN
LOANED ME the money
TO BUY NEW TICKETS.
WHICH ALL goes to show
THAT DOORMEN have hearts.



DAYS HAVE flown
SINCE THAT sad night
BUT JUST the same
I REMEMBER
AND BLUSH.
AND, BY THE WAY,

PLEASE THINK of
MR. HENNESSEY
AND THE faculty
WHO LABOR daily
TO MAKE you a success
IN FUTURE life.
AND A thought of them
WOULD HELP a lot
TO MAKE the day easier.
AND IF you do—remember

I THANK YOU,

S. H. N. (Stanley Neyhart) *with apologies to K. C. B.*



FUN

SIMILAR TASTE

Margaret Stratton: Don't you like the lower crust of this pie?

Jerry Carpenter: Oh, pardon me! I thought it was the paper plate.

John Merritt: May I speak to you, Mrs. Kleeberger?

Mrs. Kleeberger: Yes, if you make it snappy.

J. M.: Can a teacher take money from a pupil?

Mrs. Kleeberger: Yes, if she needs it.

A cow sat chewing her cud.
She said, it certainly feels gud,
To have nothing to do
But sit down and chew
A substance that once was my fud.

A girl who was lazy once said,
This test is so hard I'm near dead.
If answers I knew,
Mistakes would be few,
And in class I would be at the head.

"Very appropriate," observed the teacher as she wrote "Fair" on the blonde girl's theme.

"Mine is a sad, sad fate,"
Said the little piece of tin
"I'm on my way to the factory
There to be foiled again."

Frances Colby: Should I stop writing poetry?

Miss Morse: No—begin.

High Nine: My birthday is in March.

Scrub: Next March, or last March?

Miss Colliar: And, class, this tooling leather costs an inch a square foot.

John M: Do you know why my brother can't see with this eye?

Jack W.: No!

John M.: Because it's mine.

Polite Host: Would you care to sit on my right hand during dinner?

Equally Polite Guest: Oh, certainly; but are you sure you can eat all right with your left hand?

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Miss Brubaker: Bob Petersen sit down and keep quiet for the rest of the eighth period!

Miss Stout: Now that's a check for today, and at high school, one check means a "C" on your report card.

Miss Collar: Will you please put your materials down, and give attention?

Miss Morse: Douglas, face the front and stop talking.

Miss Fraser: Think! Think! Don't look in the book, look at what you put in your head.

Miss Martin: Some of you aren't making a "B" in algebra this time.

Miss Brush: Don't you know that my hearing is 3 per cent better than perfect?

Mrs. Gray: Stay in your seats till after I have taken the roll.

AN EASY JOB

Pat was obviously pleased with life. Meeting his old friend Mike, the following conversation took place:

Mike: Faith, Pat, an' how do you like your new job?

Pat: Sure, Mike, an' it's the foinest job I've ever known.

Mike: Begorrah, what do you have to do?

Pat: I've nothing to do at all. I just carries a load of bricks up a ladder to the bricklayer, and he does all the work.

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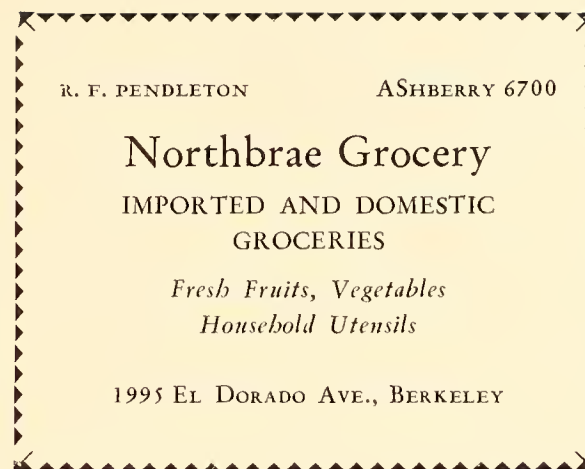
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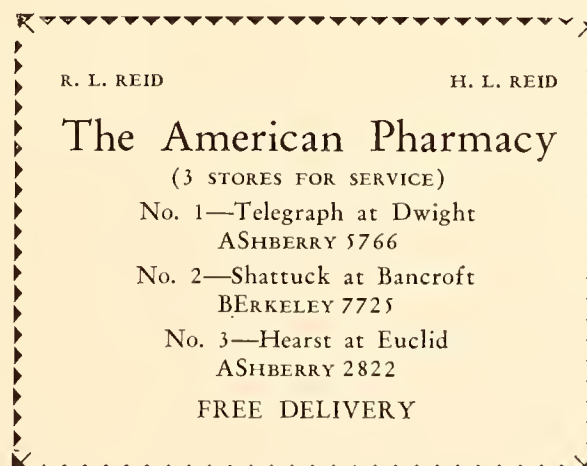
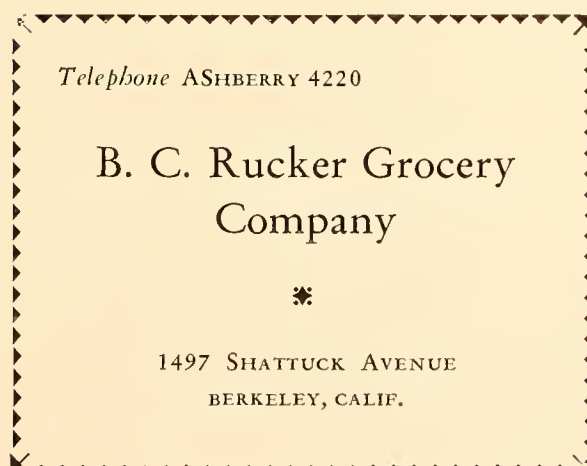


The following problem is given by the Bethlehem steel company, with two and three-fourths hours in which to solve it. However, it can be solved easily in five or ten minutes. There is no catch to it. Just observe closely. All the facts are relevant and must be considered. Here it is:

A train is operated by three men, Smith, Robinson and Jones. They are fireman, engineer, and brakeman, but not respectively. On the train are three passengers of the same names, a Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Jones. Consider carefully the following data about all concerned, and then answer the question: Who was the engineer?

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit.
2. The brakeman lives half way between Chicago and Detroit.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly \$2,000 a year.
4. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
5. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, one of the passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman, who earns \$1,000 annually.
6. The passenger whose name is the same as the brakeman lives in Chicago.

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It was evening and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. K. raised her hand for silence.

"Hush, the children are going to deliver their good-night message," she said softly. "It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so full as when the dark has come. Listen!" There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug!"

An Oriental paper, having an English section, printed the following notice: "The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfect style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each one been col- leged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

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"Give up drink, now, my man, and you will live to be over eighty."

"Too late, mum."

"Never too late."

"Yes it is—I'm eighty-two now."

In the hall. Bill Brock, scouting for Gleaner jokes, to Miss Morse: Give your classes some home work for a joke.

Mistress: Did the fisherman who came here have frogs' legs?

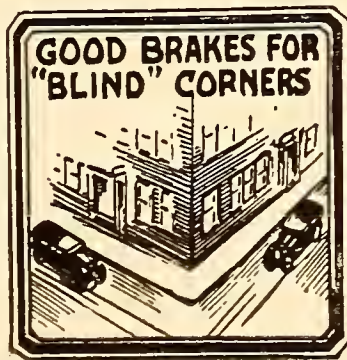
Nora: I don't know, mum, he wore pants.

Teacher: Willie, can you tell me how matches are made?

Little Willie: No, ma'am, but I don't blame you for wanting to find out.

Why, what do you mean?

Mother says you have been trying to make one for years.



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This "Gleaner" is owned
by Jack "Kid Speed"
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Autographs
Jack Pine

